

## Country Home Department.

Conducted by Mrs. E. D. Nall, Sanford, N. C., to Whom all Matter for this Department Should be Sent.

I trust that every boy in our circle of readers read every word of the "Boys' Number," and if only one boy decided henceforth to be a "Dependable Boy," it was well worth while. The girls have right-of-way this week, and it is our hope that they may receive a greater vision of the life that counts from reading its columns. I would be delighted to receive letters for this page from the girls who are interested in it.

### THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls,

Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust  
in,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are wanted are wise girls,  
That know what to do and to say,  
That drive with a smile and a soft  
word,  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,

Good girls from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf  
tips. —Selected.

### THE GAME OF GIRLS.

A list of questions is prepared beforehand and given to each guest, with the request that opposite each question they write the girl's name that best answers the question.

Which is the most spiteful girl?  
Anno Mosity (animosity).

Which is the most lavish? Jenny Rosity (generosity).

The most brilliant girl in the north? Aurora Borie Alice (Aurora Borealis).

The most musical girl? Sara Nade (serenade).

The liveliest girl? Annie Mation (animation).

The most warlike? Milly Tary (military).

The most deceitful? Duplie Kate (duplicate).

The smallest girl? Minnie Mum (minnum).

The most angular? Polly Gon (polygon).

The most attractive? Mag' Nett (magnet).

The most fashionable? Elly Gant (elegant).

The most vexing? Net Tell (nettle).

### THE "HARD TIME GIRL."

You can pick her out on the street as easily as if she were labeled, the girl who has a hard time, or think so. Sometimes she looks cross, as if her hardships had turned her temper sour, like cream in midsummer; and sometimes she is only pensive and sad. She is so sorry for herself that there is no mistaking her mood; it surrounds her like an atmosphere.

Sometimes the hard time of which this young person is so acutely conscious consists in wearing her last season's hat a second summer; sometimes her aggrieved air is due to the fact that one or two of her particular friends are abroad for the summer, while she has only been invited to spend a fortnight on her uncle's farm. Of course there are at times less trivial reasons. A girl thrown unexpectedly upon her own resources, forced to earn her own living and without having anything that the world particularly desires to offer in exchange for her bread and butter, is perhaps hardly to be

blamed if she were having a rather hard time. But the one whose lot seems hard because she has to do without things that some other girls have, or because everything does not go exactly to suit her, should make the acquaintance of an employe in a canning factory in a large city on the Atlantic Coast. She is eighteen, the oldest of five children, and, since her mother's death, she has done her best to fill that vacant place. She is astir by 4 o'clock in the morning, putting up a luncheon for her father and herself, and preparing the mid-day meal so that the children can have something to eat when they come from school at noon. In the evenings she works till late—washing, sewing, sweeping, scrubbing. The little house is as neat as wax.

"O, we're going finely!" this girl told a visitor, who made the mistake of sympathizing with her. "We're buying the house, you know. We pay so much a week, and we haven't fallen behind yet. If pa wasn't as steady as clock-work, we couldn't do it, you know. And the children help more than you'd believe. Tired? "O, I get tired sometimes; but a night's sleep is all I need."

She looked older than she should have done, this girl of eighteen. Hard work, responsibility were leaving their traces upon her. But as she sat there smiling, the baby on her knee, nothing in her manner indicated the belief that she was having a hard time.

The fact is that hard times are, for the most part, of home manufacture. They depend not so much on what we have to do as on the spirit with which we shoulder our burdens.—Exchange.

### THE GIRL'S BOOKS.

"My girls are the greatest readers you ever saw," said busy Mrs. G—. "Some people have lots of trouble with their girls wanting to gad about, but mine are satisfied if they can just have a book and not be bothered. I suppose I ought to make them do a little more housework, but as long as they don't worry me like some girls do their mothers, I can manage very well alone."

"What do they read?" asked a visitor.

"Oh, everything. One of the neighbors has a big trunk filled with books and they borrow them right along. Sometimes they read the same ones over again if they don't have new ones."

"I suppose they get a great many books out of the new public library?"

"Why, no; and it's funny they don't. They say the books in the library are dry and hard to read. I'm often surprised that they don't go there, but they say it is such a long walk."

The "long walk" was accounted for when the visitor saw the stack of books on the sitting-room table. It was not the walk at all, but the fact that the girls had acquired a taste for such books as the library trustees would not have permitted in the building. When young girls are brought up on blood and thunder stories it is hard to entice them to good poetry, history and descriptive books.

"Do you read the books, too?" asked the visitor.

"Mercy no! I don't have time for reading. Half the time I don't glance through the papers, let alone read a book."

"Aren't you afraid your children may read trashy books? I notice that a great many of the books on

your table are paper-backed novels that I would not allow in my house. A book may have a paper back and be a good one, but those over there are the worst things any person could read. It really seems terrible to me that sweet, innocent young girls should be exposed to such dangers. Just take a glance through one of them. You will find profane language, vulgar expressions, and suggestive thoughts of the worst type. The vile book habit is as bad as the liquor habit, almost, for it gives girls wrong ideas of life and unfits them for everything sensible and good."

For the first time the mother thoroughly examined the books and the result was a wholesale condemnation of all fiction. She forbade the girls reading anything and kept them so busy at housework and sewing as to make them rebellious and stubborn. With their dreamy and high-flown ideas gleaned from books telling of counts, dukes and court life, they found the home duties drudgery and bitterly complained of their lot in life. Of course they read cheap novels on the sly, just as the person with a taste for drugs can find ways of satisfying his appetite, but the mother told everyone of her success in breaking up the habit.

"All you have to do is to lay down the law and see that it is obeyed," she said, but with the latter part of her statement she had the difficulty.

At the age of sixteen one daughter ran away with a worthless boy and the other made a bad marriage later on. They bitterly repented of their folly when too late, but both are addicted to reading dozens of trashy novels each year to the present day. The woe-begone heroines of the flashy pages are wept over as of yore and housework and children have to wait until the end of the fascinating story is reached.

Mothers, do keep some sweet, pure, ennobling literature for the children, for it costs very little, and then read it with them. Educate them early in life to love the things that are pure and lovely and of good report if you want to keep them unspotted from the world. Let nothing trashy find a place on the girl's book-shelf and you will never be troubled with false ideas crowding out your careful teaching. It is the same old admonition, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart therefrom," and it has lost none of its force since the day it was penned. To many mothers a book is a book and there is no distinction made until it is too late, but the prudent woman examines first the reading she allows her children to absorb. Let us have a wholesome, vigorous and determined crusade against vile books in which every mother of the land shall join.—Mothers' Magazine.

### HAPPINESS WITHOUT EFFORT.

If girls could only be taught a proper sense of values there would be fewer unhappy women in the world. Personal happiness is a wonderful thing, and a life filled with its exquisite light sheds beauty on countless other lives. But, if, as happens to many, personal happiness passes one by, it does not mean that one's life is ruined and ineffectual. At least, if a woman is wise it does not.

Yet so many women having staked all on finding personal happiness have neglected to provide themselves with any effective substitute if they miss it. The unwisdom of this should be apparent to the most thoughtless of girls, and the girl who thinks seriously will ask herself this question: "If I miss personal happiness what have I to take its place?"

"Well," asks the eager girl impatiently, "what is there to take the

place of happiness?" And so in the fullness of her youth she scorns the wise woman's reply, but in it dwells the germ of contentment and peace for the long, barren years that may be hers.

A finely educated, deeply appreciative intellect is an excellent substitute for the fickle we call personal happiness. If a woman has used her brain and cultivated her personality to its greatest extent, though she may never attain happiness, she may gain a great deal of satisfaction from life.

For the treasures of the brain are generally secure, but the treasures of the heart are at the mercy of every wind that blows. One's happiness may be fickle from one by a single glance, or a disloyal act, or an unspoken word, but the things of the brain that give us pleasure once we have made them ours cannot be taken from us. Store the mind with interesting things, make it the home of charming ideas, and one has insured herself against the utter weariness and disgust of life which stifles one when personal happiness is lost.

If girls could only be made to see the sanity of this reasoning; if they could only be induced to lay up mental treasures for themselves, they would run a better chance of catching the will-o'-the-wisp of happiness than they do by rushing recklessly about seeking the frail and fleeting thing. But one can only impress this on the soul when youth is gone.

The girl who has allowed her brain to lie fallow, who has failed to make use of her opportunities to cultivate her talents, has deliberately shut the door on a world of beauty that will bring her satisfaction when her search for happiness proves futile.

She, by her own desire, starts on this doubtful search without making the slightest provision for disaster; she has not even taken the simple precaution of laying in a stock of supplies but sets forth gaily unprepared to meet the trials and disappointments of a long journey.

What girl would be so simple as to make an actual journey with nothing but the gown on her back? Then how has she the courage to stay on the colossal quest of happiness clothed in nothing but youth and personality?—Selected.

### GIRLS WHO HAVE A TALENT.

It has been said by eminent psychologists that every person has some talent—some gift that may be developed worthily—and so it may be safely said that most girls are talented. Now there are talents and talents. To paint or write or play some instrument or sing, are not the only talents. A girl may have a wonderful gift for dressmaking, for designing beautiful things, for trimming hats, for cooking, for the making of rare dishes, for designing little, fancy gifts for favors and holiday presents, for teaching, for house furnishing, for shopping professionally, for nursing, for mending, and so on. No talent that is really a talent is to be despised, but should be brought out and made the most of. By attention and concentration, any talent whatsoever may be made to pay very handsomely, and it is only the people with trained talents who make money. But, as psychologists have said that most people are talented, one should make sure what one's talent is, and then go ahead to perfect it, to bring it out and make the very most of it that can be made.

It is always a joy to follow a genuine talent, so be very careful to analyze the feelings in this matter at the start; and if there is and feeling that one does not enjoy that particular thing nor feel inspired to work at it, one must look about to find what one really does enjoy.

When a girl has really found her